BLIND TOM IN RETIREMENT,

Feeling the Sunlight and Imitating the Church Bells and the Singing Birds. New York -un.

In old-fashioned St. Mark's place, just east of the bustling Bowery, stands an old-fashioned, marble stooped dwelling that is a marked spot in that noisy quarter of the town. At varying intervals, daily, the music of a sweet-toned piano floats softly from the interior of the old house and mingles a delightful harmony with the dull hum of traffic in the populous thoroughfare. Men and women hurrying to and fro in the street stop often and listen to the strains The fingers that so defuly touch the keys and draw such wondrous symphonies from the instrument are those of a strapping big negro who sits at the piano in the spacious back parior, and for nours sometimes those restdents who are fortunate enough to have living quarters in the houses in Ninth street, whose back windows look upon the rear porch of the old-fashioned dweiling, have a rare and delightful treat. The back windows of the old-fashboned dwelling, reaching from floor to ceiling, are thrown open to the June breezes and the sunshine, and all the wondrous variety of melody that the negro draws from his grand plano floats out upon the balmy air in waves of captivating sound.

Every once in a while the stalwart African will start up from his seat and rush out upon the porch, and pace up and down like an imprisoned animal, beating his chest and mouning piteously. A raising that reaches above his waist completely cuts off egress to the little garden patch that blooms in the back yard, and he runs his hand along it as if he were trying to find a stair-

way to the garden. "How are you, Tom? What's the matter?" some one who has been listening is sure to say when the musician makes such sudden appearances on the porch. Their greeting is always sherry, for all the listeners know well that the big-enested negro is none other than blind Tom, the famous Ethiopian planist. Tom never appears in public. He is suffering from some nervous complaint that renders a repetition of

ais stage performances impossible. For hours daily he tramps up and down the porch in his slippered feet, clad in blue trousers and a dark flannel yachting shirt, bare-headed and uneasy. He behaves like an imprisoned bear, at times crouching on all fours or dancing ap and down in a mysterious delirium. He has worn a ridge in the flooring of the porch near the hand-rail by his restless promenade to and fro. Music or harmonious sounds seem to be the only influences that ever divert him from

these capers on the porch. One Sunday recently the chimes in Grace Church steeple on Broadway began to ring, and the echoes, softened by the distance they had traversed, struck fom sear with a sweet tintinnabulation that reproduced note by note the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

In an instant the blinded giant ceased his tramp on the porch, and resting his hand on the railing, raised his sightless eves to the sky, and, turning his head in the direction of the chimes, stood like a statue, listening with rapt attention to the melody. The echoes died away finally. and, waiting some moments to hear if they would continue, he groped his way through the open window into the parlor, and, seating himself at the piano, ran his fingers over the keys in a sudden inspiration. What he played was an imitation, as perfect as the piano would allow. of the music of the chimes. Tom repeated the same stirring imitation when a little later the chimes again rang out upon the June breeze.

Then be rose from the piano, went out on the porch and listened in a curiously-intent way to the noise made by the flapping wings of a flock of pigeons, whose cote is built against the wall of an adjoining house.

The sun meantime rose so that its hot rays broke past the shade of a tree in the garden and beat against the side partition of the porch. The big negro leaned on his hand against the partition. He withdraw it the moment he felt the heat. The sensation seemed to puzzle him, for he placed his hand on the partition again, withdrew it a second time, and began to stroke it and ponder. He stood in this war stroking his hand for some moments. Then he looked up and smiled. It had dawned upon him at last that what he had felt was sunshine. He held both hands aloft, and groped in the air until he discovered by his sense of feeling that he was standing in the rays of the sun. He remained on the spot motionless, with his sightless orbs opened wide to the golden rays, and laughed with the glee of a child who had found

s new plaything. One day last week when he had found the sunlight in the same groping way a servant girl, with a high-keyed, discordant voice began to sing "White Wings" as loudly as she could. She was at work in a dwelling some distance from Tom's house, but he heard her voice distinctly. It appeared to grate upon his nerves terribly. and he dashed up and down the porch in a rage, and finally, turning his face in the direction of the singer, he let loose the vocal batteries of his wrath full upon her.

"Shut up, can't you?" be screamed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to make such a frightful noise."

He poured out rebuke in this frantic style for many minutes, while tenants of surrounding houses, who had a strongly-grounded prejudice themselves against the servant girl's vocalization, roared with laughter. "Give it to her. Tom." some of them exied ap-

provingly: "she deserves it." Avery time the girl tried to sing after that she ran against the same torrent of rebuke from the negro musician. She tried desperately to sing him into silence, but failed to stop the stream of angered criticism.

His method of complimenting good musicians is as flattering as this rebuke of discord is severs and maddened. There are some cultivated vocalists and pianists in the Ninth-street flats whose rear windows look out on his porch, and he stands and listens, smiling whenever the trained voices practice, or the planists who, in this instance, are young women, play. Then he dives into his parior and plays the music of the song, or repeats the plane air on his own grand piano. It is a mighty popular way of

showing his appreciation. For several days last week workmen were busy painting the railing and partitions of the porch, and putting down a carpet on the worn floor. During all this time Tom himself was invisible, and the neighbors, who enjoyed his capers and his piano-playing began to comment anxiously upon his continued absence.

"I wonder where Tom can have gone tol" said one of the tenants of the Ninth-street flats as he at in the sunsnine. "Give me that piccolo," exclaimed a fellow

tenant, "and I'll fetch him out." . The last speaker raised the piccolo to his lips and sent the notes of the pretty ballad, "My Nely's Blue Eyes," floating over to the porch. He played eleverly for several minutes without effect. Then there was a commotion in the parlor, the bolts of the big window were suddenly unlocked with a clang, and Blind Tom plunged out among the paint-pots that littered the porch. laid his big black hands upon the freshly-painted railing, and leaned over, with a smile lighting

up his dusky face, to catch the piecolo notes. When the ballad was finished he groped his way back to the piano, and, pressing his paintsmeared fingers to the keys, played the ballad himself and the high notes. Then he dived out on the porch again and waited anxiously for some more music from the piccolo player.

A bird flew into the garden while he waited. and, perching upon a branch that nodded near I'om, swelled its little throad in a sweet authem to the sunshine and the balmy breezes. The negro's blind eves again turned heavenward. and the black face lighted up with joy Tom turned his ear so that he could catch every note of the feathered sougster's melody, and he drank it in as one would take a draught of delicious wine. When the song ceased he went back to his piano and reproduced the notes with

a fidelity that was marvellous. Then he shut the windows and was seen no more that day on the porch. He had made up his mind that he would not hear any sweeter harmony than the unwritten music that poured from the tuneful throat of the little bird.

Day by day passes thus in the old-fashioned house, with the afflicted blind musician awaiting the new delights that come from unexpected harmonies of sound. Watched by a guardian, freed of all care, and giving himself up to the whims and emotions of an eccentric personality, this strangely inspired black genius lives for all the world like some petted child in a playhouse Alternately petulant and cheerful like a child, he plays when the inspiration moves him with his captivating toy, the sweet-toned grand piano, or gropes in a blind chase after the beautiful but unseen sunbeams, or drinks in with all the enthusiasm of a genius the varied meigdies of singing birds, or tintinnabulating chimes, or the harmonies of the human voice. Therefore, despite his afflictions, Blind Tom cannot but be intensely happy.

A STRANGE VOICE FROM A WRECK.

Singular Story of a Waterlogged Vessel Discovered in the China Sea. Soston Commercial Bulletin.

"You see, messmare," says the old quartermaster, as he seats himself comfortably, "in a seafaring life we meet with many rough jobs that are out of all ordinary calkingulons, and what them as haven't been to ses wouldn't hardly believe. There was that ship we fell in with in the China sea-that was an odd thing,

that was. "It was only just after davlight in the morning watch as some one sung out 'Sail ahead.' But it wasn't much of a sail, for there was only one mast-the foremast-standing, but a big ship agoing steady afore the wind, with her foretopeali set, but not hauled taut, but all-flapping like. Well, we see as there was no one aboard, or, if so be there was, they didn't know | eight dollars.

how to manage her. So when we'd run down little shead of her, we lowered a boat, and I was one of the boat's crew as went aboard; and as pulled up to her we could see nobody on deck, but only heard a dog barking; and when we went up the side, sure enough, there was a halfstarved dog a sitting upon the body of a man; and when he sees us he sets up a dreadful howling, but still he didn't seem displeased to see us, but threw back his ears, though be looked dreadful melancholy and down in the mouth. But the curious thing was to see the number of rate that was running about the decks, for the ship was water-logged, and the rats was driv up from below and obliged to shift for themselves. "Well, there were three more dead bodies lying about, and when we come to look at them the rate had eaten most of their faces and necks, and ripped open their jackets to get at their flesh elsewhere, but the corpse as the dog was sitting on they hadn't been able to touch; for you see the rate they lived upon the dead bodies, and the dog he lived upon the rats-so we supposed by the carcases of one on 'em as was lying near him. And such rate as they were I never see-a'most as big as half-grown rabbits, and so tame that they didn't make no account of us. You see, they'd been so familiar with the bodies aboard that they looked upon us as so many sheep or cattle, or what not, as was come aboard for their live stock.

"Well, we tried to get into the cabin, but it was full of water, and so was everything below decks; and there was no name upon the starn, or we couldn't make it out where the ship was from or where bound; and we searched the captain's pockets, and couldn't find no memorandum nor name, only a love-letter, sewed up in a piece of oil-skin inside his jacket, and signed 'Sarah.' And when we was thinking of what was best to be done, whether to throw the bodies overboard or what, a voice as seemed close to us sung out in a curious low tone, more like a female's than a man's: 'Ship shoy, there! What ship is that?' "Well, that started us a'most out of our senses, for we couldn't see nothing, and the bodies on deck was dead, we knew by reason of their faces was eat; and says one of the men; 'It must be the dog,' says he, 'he've been athink-ing over to hisself all he've heerd, and he've been and taught hisself to speak;' and he says to the dog, answering his bail like: 'The Zenobia, 600 tons, John Shum master, of and from London, bound from Singapore, with a general cargo.' But the dog made no answer to that, and while he was a-wondering what it could be, the same kind of voice sung out again: 'Steward, glass of grog!' Well, now, we knew that this couldn't be the dog, because they don't take no grog. Then says another man-'I'm much deceived if that 'ere voice didn't come out of the mainmast;' so we goes to the main mast, the stump of it, and out of the middle of the ropes and halvards that was hanging about the pins, the voice comes out again and says: 'Oh, sweet Polly! No higher, keep her rap

"Well, we soon cast off the ropes, and what should we see but a fine gray parrot a-settin' in a kind of nest she'd made, and lookin' as if there wasn't nothin' the matter with her!

"Well, we have over the dead bodies and left the rats to feed upon themselves, but we brought off the parrot and the dog, though he wouldn't leave the body til! we'd taken the jacket off and laid it down in the boat for him and then he came willin' enough; and Captain Shum took the dog and bird and brought them home to his old woman, and perhaps they're both alive now."

PRANKS OF THE MONKEYS.

A Traveler in India Relates Some of the Comical Sights by the Way. Youth's Comranion.

I wheeled some fourteen hundred miles along the monkey-infested highways, and saw isome very curious eights. Sometimes the monkeys would file in long strings across the road; close behind one another, each one looking anxiously behind, evidently very much disturbed at the strange appearance of the bicycle.

Shinning up the tall toddy palms or coconnut trees, one after another, they would hastily ensconce themselves among the thick foliage, and peer curiously down at me as I wheeled past, giving vent to their perturbation in excited tones. One day, I remember whiling away an hour or so beneath a grove of sacred peepul trees, watching the amusing antics of a troop of monkeys in the branches overhead.

Their marvelous activity was here displayed to perfection, as they quarreled and chased ono another from tree to tree. The old ones seemed passively irritable, and decidedly adverse to being bothered by the antics and mischievous activity of the youngsters. Taking possession of some particular branch, they warned away all would-be intruders with threatening grimaces and feints.

The youthful members of the party were full of pranks, carried on to the great annoyance of their more aged and sedate relatives. These, in revenge, put in no small portion of their time punishing or pursuing them with angry cries for their deeds of wanton annoyance. One monkey, that had very evidently been

there many and many a time before on the same thieving errand, with an amusing secrecy and roguishness, slipped quickly along a horizontal bough, and thrust his arm into a hole. His eves wandered guiltily around, as though expectant of detection and punishment. This

apprehension quickly justified itself in the shape of a blue plumaged bird that fluttered angrily about the robber's head, and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. Birds' eggs were the booty he expected to find, and, methought as I noted the number, mischievousness, and activity of the freebooters to

whom birds' eggs would be most toothsome morsels, watchful, indeed, must be the parent bird whose material ambition bore its legitimate fruit in this monkey-infested grove. In me these monkeys seemed to recognize a

possible dangerous enemy, and at my first appearance they hastened to hide among the thickest foliage. Peering cautionsly down, they yielded themseles up to excited chattering and broad grimaces After awhile they he somewhat reaseured, and regarded me with less apprehension. The wild monkeys and the natives seem to get along famously together, one often seeing them occupying the shade of the same tree.

In the valley of the Hooghly, down toward Calcutta, my road sometimes partook almost of the character of a tunnel burrowing through a mass of dense tropical vegetatian. Cocoanut and toddy palms mingled their feathery foliage with the dark green of the mango, the wild pomoto giant bamboo, and other indigenous vegetation characteristic of a hot and humid climate, and big creepers swung from tree to tree and wound the mass in inextricable confusion. In this magnificent conservatory of nature big, black-faced monkeys, with tails four feet long, romp and revel through the trees, nimbly climb the creepers, and thoroughly enjoy their life amid the sylvan scenes about them. It was a curious sight to see those big anthropoids, almost as large as human beings, swing themselves deftly up the festooned creepers at my approach-to see their queer, impish black faces peering cautiously out of their hiding place, and to hear their peculiar squeak of surprise and alarm as they noted the strange character of my conveyance, the bicycle.

Sometimes a gang of them would lope awkwardly along ahead of the bicycle, looking every inch like veritable imps of darkness, pursuing their silent course through the chastened twiight of green-grown subterranean passageways, their ridiculously long tails raised aloft, and their faces most of the time looking over their shoulder.

A Western Idyl. They led him to the nearest tree: Since I must be a corse," He said, "I may as we I confess, I stole my neighbor's horse. The rope was slung about a limb, It tightened on his throat-A gasp, and then the Democrats Had lost another vote.

-Nebraska State Journal.

The Labor Party. Springfield Republican. The political labor leaders of the West are just beginning to discover, what Henry George told them six months ago, that it will be impossible to keep any number of workingmen in the third party movement this year. They will take sides on the tariff issue almost to a man and yote with the two great parties. McGiynn's little ticket, as well as the Union Labor ticket, might

An Open Proclamation.

Minneapolis Tribune.

as well be formally laid away at once.

The Cincinnati Enquirer opposes General Harrison because he formerly taught a Sunday school class. We have no disposition to "indulge in a campaign of filth," but do proclaim openly that teaching a class in Sunday-school is a cleaner occupation for Sabbath afternoon than playing "sledge" with the boys for beer in the back room of a saloon. Who said he did?

Christian Parenta New York Sun.

Old Lady-Little boy, do you go to Sunday-Little Boy-Yes'm. I go to the Baptist Sun-Old Lady-You are the son of Christian par-Little Boy-No, ms'am; they're Baptists, just

the same as I am. A High-Priced Dinner. The Epoch.

Minister (dining with the family)-"This is a very nice dinner, isn't it, Bobbyf" Bobby (enjoying it)-"it ought to be. Pa figured out that it was going to cost him over PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR.

The Mutually Profitable Contract of Robert Bonner and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

American Bookseller. In 1855 Mr. Bonner had fairly started on h publishing career. He had made an engagement with Fanny Fern, then the center of more interest than any literary woman in America. to furnish a story for \$1,000, the story to occupy ten columns of the Ledger, or nearly; a little less or a little more, as the exigencies of the story demanded, was to make no difference as to price. This could with all fairness be rated at \$100 per column, and accordingly, in ac advertisement solicited by Mr. Samuel French, present head of the firm of Samuel French & Son, publishers, for Giesson's Pictoral Companion, the agent for which in New York Mr. French then was, the "hundred-dollar-per-column fact" was duly set forth. The advertise ment was inserted, but the editor and publisher of the Pictoral, Mr. Ballou (who had bought the property of Mr. Gleason), in an editorial pararaph intimated a doubt as to the price paid Fanny Fern, saying it was a good story to tell to the marines.

To Mr. Bonner the attempt to nullify the effect of a solicited advertisement appeared like a gross injustice, and he frankly told Mr. French so. Mr. French expostulated with his principal, but only received a verbal excuse, to the effect that the editor hadn't written the paragraph and had not been aware of its insertion until too late. Mr. Bonner, in response to this, said that he was not satisfied with a private apology for a public wrong, but said no more. Not very long, thereafter, however, he wrote to Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, jr., who was then attracting considerable attention by his stories and sketches, and disposing of his manuscript | to be upset; but now and then when two are mainly to Mr. Ballon, inquiring the price of a story from his pen. Mr. Cobb replied that he would furnish one for a hundred dollars. To this Mr. Bonner responded that he would give him two hundred. This was characteristic of the publisher of the Ledger. He was one of the few men in the business, at that time, who did not undervalue the article he dealt in-and in this case he only did what he often repeated in his subsequent career-paid more than he bargained for, we need not say, often to the surprise and delight of his contributors. This first story, "The Gunmaker of Moscow,

Mr. Bonner read, or read enough of to know that it would suit his purpose, and quietly locked it up in his safe. Soon after he wrote to the author requesting him to come to New York, for the expenses of which he inclosed his check. Mr. Cobb was not slow in coming. The publisher, after some casual conversation, asked Mr. Cobb to write a sketch of two or three columns, for which the former gave the plot. Without much ado Mr. Cobb sat down, and in a couple of hours had his work done. It was very satisfactory, and proved that the writer was as swift and ready in the mechanical department of his craft as he was prompt in conception. This interview resulted in a contract for three more long stories for the Ledger. An intimation that Mr. Cobb had made an arrangement with Bonner reached Mr. Ballou. He telegraphed Cobb not to make any agreement until be heard from him. I was too late. Mr. Cobb remained faithful to his engagement; a contract was made soon after with Mr. Bonner for five years, and this was repeated whenever it ran out as long as the writer lived.

AN ARCADA IN THE PACIFIC

Where Legislatures, Louckups, and Tax-Gatherers Are Unknown.

In the southern Pacific is a little island, with a few surrounding islets, which, if all accounts he true, comes as near to Moure's "Utopia" or Bacon's "New Atlantis" as any place on earth. Norfolk island comprises about 8,600 acres of land in all, which are mainly divided up into farms of fifty acres each, and every newly married couple gets one of these farms as a wedding lowry. According to the report of our consul the government of the island, by powers granted by her Majesty, is home rule, pure and simple, and is vested in three officials-a chief macistrate and two councilors -who are elected anqually by the people, the chief magistrate being responsible, and the medium of communication with the higher officials. The three magistrates act under commissions bearing the great seal of the colony, issued by the Governor of New South Wales, who himself holds a separate authority as Governor of Norfolk island. The Governor has, in fact, unlimited power, but holds a mild sway, allowing the islanders to do much as they like so long as they do not go too far. The laws are few and primitive, and could be printed on two sheets of foolscap; nevertheless they answer the purpose well, there being no crime to speak of, nor any lockup or need of one. There is no revenue, except a few waifs and strays in the shape of small fines, etc., which seldom amount to much, but it is responsible for the signal master's salary of £1.10 (\$7.50) per annum, besides a court-sweeper at £1 (\$5). The chief magistrate's salary is £25, but up to last year it was only £12; this, with the emoluments paid to the colonial surgeon, chaplain, registrar and postmaster, is paid out of the interest of a fund in Sydney, which has been accumulating for some years.

The imports include clothing, groceries, agricultural implements and timber for building purposes; the exports, oil, wool, horses, sweet and Irish potatoes, onions, bananas, and sometimes sheep. The oil and wool go either to Auckland or Sydney, the latter port ing besides sweet potatoes and nanas, but for other produce, such as horses, onions, Irish potatoes, etc. The importation of liquor, except for medical purposes, is absolutely prohibited; the law is strict, and the people care little for it; there are no duties, and consequently no custom-house or any other record kept, but the imports and exports together in a favorable year would probably amount to £6,000. The island has a population of 741, none of whom are poor and none rich.

BARGAINING IN COREA. Some of the Peculiarities of Native Merchants

and Go-Betweens. San Francisco Chronicle.

Every official's house is situated in a compound which has its "Ta Moun," or great gate. which is tended by a special servant kept for that purpose. The foreign settlement is near one of the three south gates of the city and a moment's walk brings you to the top of the wall. from which there is always a broad view. Having already spoken of the "mounjigi," or gateman, I must give an account of the other servants. The highest in grade is the "kuiso." He is a little too high and mighty to work and a little too low in caste to become an official. He is, in fact, a sort of military servant or escort. Whenever you go out in the street he runs before you and cries: "Get out of the way for this great man," and those who do not obey promptly are unceremoniously pushed aside. He acts as errand boy as well. All notes are carried by him and purchases are largely made through him. He never steps inside the door of the house. When s man comes, to sell you any goods of any kind he states to the kuiso what he has to sell. The kuiso comes and tells you, and if you want to see the article the man is admitted into the yard and comes and spreads his goods out before you on the piazza or on the floor. You ask him the price and he names ten times what he is willing to part with it for. You tell him it is too much and name about one-fourth what he has asked, wond-ring at your own temerity. He folds up the stuff, gives you a glance half of injured innocence and half of contempt, and marches off, but in a few moments sends the kuiso back to tell you that he will split the difference, but he will hope that you are too wise to do so. Finally be sends in the goods and accepts your offer. He carries the money down to the big gate and your servants gather about him, and first be gives the kuiso one-tenth of the whole amount, then divides two more tenths among the other servants, and, after giving a little more to any other chance witnesses of the sale. he goes off with appr ximately the proper sum. the sum you ought to have given. Of course the kniso is always wanting you to buy, for it simply increases the "emoluments of office."

AN INTERESTED LISTENER.

A Young Soldier Who Is a Constant Attendant on Senate Sessions.

Washington Special One of the daily incidents in the United States Senate is the appearance in the gentlemen's gallery on the Democratic side of the chamber of a young soldier attached to one of the artillery regiments stationed at the Arsenal. As surely as the chaplain offers prayer and Mr. Ingalis raps his gavel this spectator appears. He sits in the corner seat on the front row, next the diplomatic gallery, and with observing interest drinks in every word that is spoken. He is a good-looking fellow, a blonde, with honest blue eyes and frank countenance. The stripes upon his soldier blouse indicate that he is a corporal or sergeant of his company, and his heavy blue trou ere encase limbs as straight as those that graced Apollo, or any other handsome man or god. No debate is too prosy or too technical to capture the interest of this young man. He invariably site with his arms spread out upon the gallery railing and his chin resting in his hands. Not a word that is said escapes him, and he pays no heed to what is going on about him except to watch the Senators with unflagging attention. No matter how late the session holds if there is debate, no matter how poor, on any subject, he remains until adjournment comes and the Senators leave the chamber. On the day of the celebrated Ingalis-Voor-

hees talking-match the soldier grew so excited that he several times arose to his feet, and the great crowd behind him almost forced him over the railing. He seemed entirely free from favoritism as between the Kansas Senstor and the Indiana Senator, and appeared to delight in the war of words, no matter who was beaten. Several Senators have noticed their daily visitor. and take great pleasure in watching the interest he takes in the dry proceedings. They apparently feel flattered that any one should care to listen to them.

THE CRADLES OF THE WORLD.

Novel Receptacies in Which the Little Ones Coo, Cry and Sleep. Different peoples have cradies peculiar to themselves, and merry little eyes sometimes look out upon this big, round ball that swings in the air from some novel houses. There are persons living to-day whose cradies were of the primitive backwoods pattern, being roughly hewn troughs fastened to clumsy rockers. From cradles of this kind have stepped Presidents, generals and statesmen, and the frontier rockers, in more than one instance have rocked the world. The Chinese have a queer institution which

they call the winter cradle. It is shaped somewhat like an hour glass, and stands on end. There is an opening above and below, and the waist, which is contracted, serves to keep the celestial baby on his feet. Day after day little almond-shaped eyes peep over the top of this cradle and little hands play with miniature dragons and other toys till the nurse puts in an appearance. Some of these winter cradles are made of wicker-work and are beautifully painted by Chinese women artists. It is almost impossible for one placed close together and the occupants declare war and measure arms, two cradles roil over the floor to noises that "bring down the house."

The Lapp baby very often has a snow cradle, for when the indulgent mother attends church she makes a bole in the snow outside and deposits the young Laplander therein. It is no uncommon sight tosee a circle of these snow cradles in front of a Lapp chapel, and now and then a fierce-looking lot of dogs are on guard to keep off the wolves that might meditate a raid on the baby contingent. The Lapp cradle in material differs essentially from that used by the Bushman baby, whose mother digs a hole in the hot sand and chucks him therein in the shadow of some lonely bush. Sometimes the cradle is ready to band in the snape of an ostrich nest, and now and then some feathers left by the mighty bird help to soften the nest of the future Boshman warriot.

There is a tribe in the palm region of the Amazon that cradles the young in palm leaves. A single leaf turned up around the edges by and now and then it is made to do serrice as a bath-tub. Strong cords are formed from the sinews of another species of palm, and by these this natural cradle is swung alongside a tree, and the wind rocks the little tot to sleep. Long ago the Amazonian mothers discovered that it was not wise to leave baby and cradle under a cocoa palm, for the mischievous monkey delighted to drop nuts downward with unerring precision. An older child is stationed near by to watch the baby during his siesta, and the chatter of monkeys overhead is enough to cause a speedy

Patagonian bables are kept in cradles made of flat pieces of board. Two pieces of guanaco skin are so arranged across the cradle that the child is firmly fastened inside, and can be carried, thus suspended from a saddle-bow, without danger. In the rude huts of this people these cradies are hung, hammockwise, to the rafters, and, amid the smoke that darkens everything, including his very nature it seems, the Patagonian infant passes the first stages of babyhood. When the village migrates the cradle is swung from the saddle, and in swimming a stream it floate like a cance on the surface, while the horse is almost entirely submerged. Sie Francis Head, who saw a great deal of Patagonian life years ago, leaves on record the statement that the Patagonian baby in his queer cradle is one of the best-natured representatives of the infant world.

The Samoan cradle, I am sorry to say is a torture box. So is that used by the Chinooks of our Northwest coast. The baby is lashed to a board with strong thongs. Under the head is a pillow formed of moss or rabit skins, and a piece of wood is placed over the head at an incline and is held in its place by cords which reach to the foot of the queer cradle. The forehead is bandaged and the pressure of the inclined board gradually flattens the head of the child to the desired degree. Imprisoned thus the Chinook baby passes the first eight months of its existence. During all this time it is never wholly released, though the various bandages are taken off at stated intervals from motives of cleanliness. This is Chinook baby raising. The Samoans encase their children in torture cradles, face unwards, and impede the growth of the skull with weights of flat stones. There is no possible escape from the cradle, and the Samoan and Chinook babies are compelled to begin life in a manner that savors of heartless brutality.

MUST STEAL THE ENVELOPE NOW. The Only Way that Thieves Can Rifle the New Kind of Safety Envelope.

New York Mail and Express. As almost everybody knows, the ordinary commercial envelope can be opened, its contents read or removed, and the envelope closed again without defacing it or leaving any traces that it has been tampered with. In fact the knowledge of this fact has cost many persons considerable sums of money, and others sentences in prison. A clever inventor, however, has solved this problem, as a letter received yesterday by a Vesey-street merchant indicates. Instead of being sealed as most envelopes are from the two top corners down to a point in the middle of the envelope, the new design is folded up from the bottom, the flap crossing the back of the envelope diagonally and extending about half an inch beyond the top at the left hand corner. The end thus extended, as well as the edge of the flap, is well supplied with gum, and to close the envelope one has but to moisten the gum, turn the corner down and press it. The front of the envelope will then look like this:

While the back will present this appearance:

The projecting lines show the flap before it is secured. Up to this point there is little if anye improvement so far as safety is concerned over the old style envelope. But after the flap is turned down the postage-stamp is put over it, and thus security to the contents is guaranteed. for the envelope cannot be opened without defacing the stamp or tearing the flan.

It Must Have Been.

The Epoch. Miss Clars-I made such a stupid blunder today, Ethel. Miss Ethel-Yes! Miss Clara-Yes: I went into a drug store and

noying. Style in Serving Dinner. Mrs. Cariton-Pell (a guest at dinner) -- I think,

told the young gentleman behind the counter

that I wanted a good sponge bath; I meant, of

course, a good bath sponge. It was very an-

Mr. Wabash, that one's enjoyment of a dinner d-pends largely upon the manner in which it is served. Our hostess is famous for that, you Mr. Wabash (from the West)--- Yes, I notice everything is nice and hot.

Making Fast Time.

New York Sun. It was at Saratoga, and he had passionately leclared his love. "I am wholly yours, Mr. Higgins," the happy girl replied, "but would you kindly leave your card before you go? Not as a guarantee of good faith," she exclaimed, "but I am curious to know your full name."

A Mean Remark.

"I don't see how that dinged fire went out," he said savagely, as he got out of bed to start it ain. "I put on lots of kindling wood." "Perhaps, John," suggested his wife, turning over luxuriously for another nap, "it went out by the fire escape."

He Had It Ready. Texas Siftings.

"Good-bye, wifey; if I am detained by business and not able to come home to dinner I'll send you s telegram." Wife (trigidly)-You needn't take that trouble. Here it is. I took it out of your pocket as while

LIFE IN HONDURAS.

The Natives Are Good-Natured-A Honduranian Wedding.

Tegucigalna Correspon tence Home Journal. The most notable characteristic of the Honduranians is unfailing good nature, particularly as displayed toward foreigners. The strangers who flock bither in mining, or agricultural, or stock-growing interests are always well received. The natives seem to recognize the necessity of North American push and enterprise being infused into the country's affairs if the country would advance. Without these it would certainly remain what it has been for centuries, a land of pleasant dreams, of sweet, quaint, guitar-thrumming, of dancers moving all night long in the gay danza or more lively nolka, of afternoon reveries and daybreak serenades.

In Honduras every lady has her own saddle-

mule. She rides with grace and ease acquired

by constant practice from early childhood. She sits on the right side of the mule -- the Central American side saddle being constructed the opposite to those used in the United States. The right foot is placed in the stirrup and a tiny but effective sour is worn on the heel. The right hand holds the bridle and the left usually carries a sun umbrella. A whip is seldom needed with the spur, although a few ladies who have been in New York have adopted the whip and discarded the umbrella. A wide-brimmed hat is indispensable, and the riding habit is of gray linen or some small-check fancy in cotton. The poor, who have no mules, walk. A day's journey on foot of twenty miles is not thought remarkable. Clad coolly in a clean camisa with modestly low neck and short sleeves, and s skirt of bright-hued calico, with a light cashmere or faded silk shawl wound serape fashion about head and shoulders, the women make their way up and down the steep and winding mountain roads at an incredible speed. If, as is often the case, they carry a burden, the shawl is let down, a cloth doubled and placed upon the head in a peculiar way, forming a short of nest in which is set the bottom of the basket, or the "olla," whichever it may be. The "olla" is the earthen water jar; it weighs three or four pounds empty and probably holds eight or ten quarts. It is never carried otherwise than on the head. The raising and poising of the full "olla" is accompli-hed slowly, carefully and with obvious pride should any stranger stand looking on. But once it is rightly set, the woman bearing it walks away as lightly, easily and unconcernedly as a New York lady trips down Broadway in pleasant weather.

The Honduranian wedding is an event of much ceremony, especially among the richer people. It begins at 8 in the evening at the bride's home. All the relatives and friends of both families are present. The patio, with Japanese lanterns hung here and there among the orange and pomegranate trees-and the moon shedding her soft light over all-is thronged as well as the house. The gay music which has been performed by the musicians for perhaps an hour now ceases, or else the band go into the patio and play very softly. The bridal party emerge from private rooms. The Mayor appears. The civil ceremony is begun and carefull gone through with. This done the cure takes his place and performs a small part of the religious service. After this the cure goes away. Supper is partaken of, and the ball begins. A night long the music, the feasting, the champagne and the dancing continue. At 4 in the morning the cathedral bell is heard. Instantly the merriment ceases. The bride and groom set out, heading a considerable procession of friends

and relatives. The priest meets them at the main entrance of the cathedral. There is a brief pause. The bride extends her hand and the groom places in it thirteen coins, repeating the customary phrase-equivalent to, "With my worldly goods I thee endow." The bride responds meetly. Then the company, led by the cure, pass slowly toward the main altar and all kneel while mass is celebrated. This concludes the ceremony. Bride and groom, instead of departing on wedding-tour, go at once to their new home, where a remarkably fine wedding breakfast is immediately partaken of by the relatives and most intimate friends.

AT LLOYD'S.

Length, Breadth and Depth Known Institution. Cassel's Family Magazine.

If an underwriter is desirous of becoming a member of Lloyd's at the present day, he must pay an entrance fee of £100, an annual subscription of 12 guineas and 5 guineas for the presence of a substitute in the rooms. In addition to underwriters, there are non-underwriting members who pay £75 for entrance fee. All members, whether underwriters or not, have to pay 5 guineas a year for a seat at one of the many desks in the rooms. Upon the payment of five guineas per annum any individual is entitled to visit the rooms, read the papers and notice and collect shipping intelligence generally. It is not needful here to describe the busy throng which frequents Lloyd's rooms daily, with its merchant princes, anx. ions brokers, prosperous underwriters and their attendant clerks, captains and others interested in mercantile pursuits, mingling, gliding and here and there crowding in groups, anxious to make the best of the day. It may, nowever, be of interest to furnish a brief sketch of how marine insurances are generally arranged. An insurance-broker having received instruction from a ship-owner to effect an insurance upon a particular vessel to the amount of, say £15,000, proceeds to the underwriters' room with a "slip," on which is given the name of the ship, with its class, master's name, cargo and destination. The broker endeavors to procure the name of a well-known underwriter to "lead off" or head the "slip" with a large amount, say £500; others are then easily induced to follow suit with names and amounts they agree to stake. The insurance is considered effected so soon as the full amount is subscribed. A policy is then duly filled up with the names of the | and burned, together with large quantities of underwriters, and amounts written on the back | feed and hay. The dwellings or the opposite of the form. Insurance on cargo is similarly dealt with; but "ship" and "cargo" policies are effected quite separately, for various reasonsamong others, a snip might become a total wreck and yet the cargo might be wholly or partially saved: or a ship might run aground and receive little or no damage to hull, while her cargo might be completely ruined by the accident. The rates of premium for single voyages vary from 2s 6d to 6 guineas per cent. Any amount above this would be deemed a "sporting risk." An underwriter effecting an insurance has, therefore, to consider every particular appertaining to the vessel -owners, class, cargo dangerous or otherwise, duration of voyage and weather likely to be encountered and many other items too numerous

The underwriters, who meet daily at Lloyd's rooms, Royal Exchange, to effect insurance upon ships, are almost guided in these risks by the information furnished to them, which is of the most extraordinarily minute character, in Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping, a bulky volume, published annually at the sister institution in White Lion court, Cornbill. Lloyd's Register, which is now the sole presiding authority over the classification of British shipping, has existed for little more than half a century as at present constituted. But this well-nigh perfect organization is the direct outcome of the previously existing registries. These in their turn grew from simple ships' lists which originated in Lloyd's coffee-house and were passed from hand to hand as written documents until they attained the dignity of type in 1726, when Lloyd's List was first published. The affairs of the British registry are managed by a large and representative committee of underwriters. merchants and ship owners drawn from the shipping ports throughout the United Kingdom, and surveys are carried on all over the world by a large staff of surveyors, embracing some of the foremost naval architects and marine engineers of the day. The widespread confidence felt in the rules and regulations of the registry is amply shown by the fact that of the merchant ships of every type and nationality built in the United Kingdom, no less than 90 per cent. are voluntarily submitted to the society's survey and classification.

A MONSTER SERPENT.

The Bull Snake, Which is Sure Death to Cattle and Horses. Athens (Ga.) Special. H. H. Carlton, the Representative from the

Eighth congressional district of Georgia, has a magnificent suburban home in southern Athens, to which is added an admirably equipped farm. Mr. Cariton takes especial pride in his horses, of which he has a large and valuable stock, but which, during his residence in Washington, spend most of their time in a rich pasture at some distance from the house. A few days ago two of the Congressman's

horses became afflicted with an ailment which baffled veterinary skill. They came up from the pasture limping, with inflamed and running sores on their legs. Their eyesight, too, appeared to be affected, while a heavy discharge of mucus from the mouth and nostrils gave indications of lung fever. Medicine was copiously administered, but both the animals died, Other stock of Mr. Carlton and others were taken sick in a similar manner. There are living in and around Athens several of the early pioneers of Weikes and Madison counties, who nearly fifty years ago were actively engaged in agriculture there. When the news of the touble of the horses became known these old people unanimously declared it to be caused by the bite of a species of a monater serpent knows as the "horned" or "buil" snake Fifty years ago, they declared-and their statements have been verified-this section of the country was overrun by these reptiles,

and so desperate was their warfare against catthe that it was only with the greatest of care that any stock at all could be preserved from them. It was not until parties of hunters rid the country of these reptiles that cattle could be raised here.

To describe these venomous reptiles almos necessitates one laying himself open to the imputation of writing a "snake story." Your correspondent has never seen one of them alive, but he has seen the preserved skin o one, a monster some five feet in length and of unproportionately buge girth, which was killed near this city about tel years ago. The color is dark brown, and on the end of its tail is a spur or horn about three inches in length, somewhat resembling the soul on the tail of a scorpion, although, of course, very much larger. All this I can positively

vouch for and prove, if necessary. But I can only give you traditions as to the way in which this, now almost extinct snake, carries on its warfare against cattle. The old settlers state that the snake would strike at their foes by throwing their tail foremost, and, with the horny appendage described, dealing a deadly wound. As is the case with the rattlesnake, they can thus project themselves, albeit tail foremost, for several feet. These old people were shown some of the wounds on the lers of the cattle, and are persistent in declaring them to have been caused by a bull snake. Farmers now living in Madison County, hard by Athens, have often been brought into contact with these monsters, and unqualifiedly express themselves in a similar manner.

This story would be hardly complete were no mention made of a statement given your correspondent by an old lady, Mrs. Clarissa Evans, of this city, and corroborated by her childrennow men and women. Mrs. Evans says that on her farm in Madison county she and her husband once encountered one of these snakes in a sapling thicket. Her husband struck at the serpent with a fence-rail, and the serpent simultaneously struck at him with its tak. Mr. Evans dodged the blow, and the serpent's horn grazed the bark of a poplar sapling. This happened about noon. By night the leaves of the tree were entirely withered, and by morning were black, dry and shriveled.

Strange Place for Bank-Books.

Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.

A man, s boy, and a dog stood on Breer's bridge, which spans the Erie canal, this morning. The man was doing a little something in the way of picking up drift-wood, and the boy was watching him. The dog was watching them both. Out in the canal the man saw what looked to be the cover of a pretty picture-book. floating. He thought of the boy and then of the dog. He sent the dog after the book. But leaves he discovered two bank-books. One on an Auburn bank and the other on a savings in-

stitution at Oswego. Then a stranger came hurrying toward the man as he stood by the boy and the dog. He was looking for something. His name, he said. was Henry Lyons, and be lived at Fairhaven. He had been along the canal and had purchased some property; but had lost his bank-books, how he could not teil. He identified the books which the sun was drying as they lay in the grass, and received his property. He could not explain how it became possible for the books to get into the drink.

Personating a Lord. New York Sun.

It is dangerous business to attempt to pass yourself off as another person, particularly when that person is known to fame. It is related of a Baltimore man, who was connected with a large London firm, that while traveling in England, he stayed at a country inn and registered "Baltimore, London." Instantly he was the object of the greatest politness from attendants of every kind. He was shown to the most elegant appartments the house provided, and whenever he made his appearance, servants were at hand to proffer their most willing services. News that Lord Baltimore had arrived spread quickly through the town, and soon the man from Maryland was deluged with cards and invitations form prominent society people. To receive valtors, or to accept invitations, would have been to reveal his trick, so he shut himse f in his room, and the outside world saw nothing of him. After playing the lord for two days, and paying about \$150 for it in notel bille, the man from Baltimore continued his journey. and did not repeat the experiment.

Turpie's Attack on Harrison.

Chicago Tribune. Senator Turpie, of Indiana, in his speech in the Senate Monday took occasion to attack the Republican presidential candidate, whose seat in the Senate he unjustly occupies, because he obtained it unfairly. Turple's reference to Gen. Harrison as "a well-beloved and chosen representative of the rank and lawless growth of incorporated power" serves only to recall Turpie's own connection with lawlesness-his defense of ballot-box stuffing in Chicago, when he placed two suborned perjurers on the stand to make a case for his client, and his failure as United States district attorney to promptly and vigorously prosecute the Indianapolis ballot-box stuffers-a failure which drew from the judge of the District Court a well-deserved rebuke and censure. Turnie is in fact the representative, and, as a United States Senator, the product of lawlessness. He has hardly any other claims to public attention.

* Fire in a Maryland Town.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., July 4 -A fire broke cut here to-night and destroyed a part of town. It originated in G. Balke's stable, on Hilton avenue, and communicated to other stables adjoining, owned by Mrs. Kate Finaler and Mr. Tabler, thence to a leage brick building owned by John French. The whole row of statles on the back street then took fire side of the street, of P. ingstar, Jas. Mends, J. Kranter, Matthew Powers and John Mahon were burned. The fire was fought by a bucket brigade until the arrival of engines from Baltimore. At midnight the fire is under control.

The Power of the Will.

The Epoch "I consider that seasickness," remarked one of the more fortunate passengers, beating his breast proudly, "can be largely controlled by thought since we have been out, and I am full of the subject. I feel," he went on. "that er-yes, I-ngh-feel-O Lord-wow-excuse me," and he hastened to the rail.

mented the other passengers, enviously. A Fatal Jump. SARATOGA, N. Y., July 4 .- Mrs. David Stone. of New York, for some unaccountable reason. jumped from a window in her room in broad daylight. Her room is on the second floor of

"This will power is a wonderful thing," com-

day afternoon from a broken spine. She was very popular and wealthy. Assistant Bishopric Declined. SANDUSKY, O., July 4.-Rev. Dr. Wm. F.

the fashionable Kensington. She died yester-

Nichols, of Philadelphia, who was elected assistant bishop of the diocese of Ohio at the Protestant Episcopal Convention beid in this city June 13. bas declined.

"Did n't Know 't was

Loaded" May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the

what can be said for the parent who rule in well-regulated families ; but now all intelligent households keep Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time reestablished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Aver's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.